

[Verse 1]

Still in this b*t*h, ninety-eight is just another year
I murder money drama b*t*hes, that fall in piers
Comin' out the city where no pity be a way of life
When n***as quick to bust a cap in you to earn they stripes
Ain't nothin' changed in these West coast killin' fields
I seen so many homies die that I ain't got no feeling
So I handles mine, pack a strap and keep on strivin'
And quick to let these n***as if it get down to violent
Cause these haters ain't no friends to me, they make it plain
But I refuse to be a victim of these ghetto games
Break away from all the stress, bullsh*t and aggravation
And now I'm quick to blast if you want a confrontation
But it seem like every time I turn around it's drama
Hella flowers, coffee drinkin', and cryin' mama
Somethin' tellin' me this madness ain't gon' never stop
So I keep strivin' fo' the top

[Hook]

Now everything you think you seein' might not be the truth
Understand these cowards fold when these n***as shoot
Understand this rap sh*t is just another way
Just another lick where motherf**kers gettin' paid
It really ain't the same as it was in the past
Back when sh*t was new, n***as thought that it would last
Understand this rap game is just another front
Just another way for motherf**kers comin' up, and it's like that

[Verse 2]

So what's the ticket out the ghetto for these young players?
Slangin' dope, playin' ball or bein' rhyme sayers
They want the money fast, f**k school, that ain't what's happenin'
So some of them n***as got together and they started rappin'
And it would be like who the tightest on the microphone
Makin' demos in the basement of they mama's home
And 'fore you know it n***as got theyself a record deal
And now they makin' money, doin' what they love for real
Limousines, fast cash, and autographs
Groupie hoes after every show be workin' the staff
And magazines givi'n love cause they sh*t is best
Unless of course it's The Source and you from the West

Now mama's braggin' cause they baby's on the television
And they livin' every day like it's Thanksgiving
But you know, what they say if it sound too good to be true, it probably is
That's the music biz

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[Verse 3]

I'm twenty-eight and I've been in the game since eighty-six
World tours, cash money, and hella hits
Done seen these rap stars disappear like civil rights
And go from po' to rich to po' again, overnight
So many perils in this game if yo' team is faulty
That's why my lawyer keep these motherf**kin' devils off me
And freak b*t*hes be, quick to set you up by playin'
That pu**y game like, you the daddy or you rapin'
See dumb n***as get they money took, tryin' to be
That motherf**ker on the television out with Robin Leach
A couple of cars, hella clothes, and before you know it
That n***a to' back, hella broke with nothin' showin'
So here's a little game from a homey that's still playin'
The mo' sh*t you see a n***a with, the mo' he payin'
In this rap life, nothin' what it seem to be
I hope you motherf**kers feel me, that's reality

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